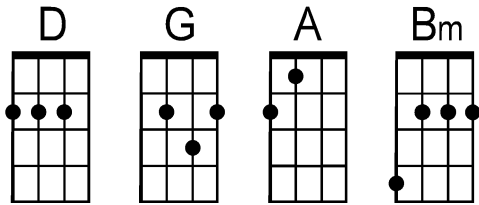


500 Miles

The Proclaimers (1988)



Intro: D . . . | ' . ' . . . | | ' . ' . . .

When I wake up well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next to you

When I go out yeah I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes a—long wi' you

If I get drunk well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you

And if I haver hey I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's haver-ing to you

Chorus: But I would walk five hun-dred miles and I would walk five hun-dred more
Just to be the man who walks a thou-sand miles to fall down at your door

When I'm workin' yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's workin' hard for you

And when the money comes in for the work I do
I'll pass almost every penny on to you

When I come home (*when I come home*) well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you

And if I grow old well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old wi' you

Chorus: But I would walk five hun-dred miles and I would walk five hun-dred more
Just to be the man who walks a thou-sand miles to fall down at your door

Da-da da-da (da-da da-da) Da-da da-da (da-da da-da)

Da da dun diddle dun diddle dun diddle da-da da-----

Da-da da-da (da-da da-da) Da-da da-da (da-da da-da)

Da da dun diddle dun diddle dun diddle da-da da-----

When I'm lonely well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's lonely with-out you

When I'm dreamin' well I know I'm gonna dream

I'm gonna dream a-bout the time when I'm wi' you

When I go out (when I go out) well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who goes a-long wi' you

And when I come home (when I come home) Yes, I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who comes back home wi' you

I'm gonna be the man who's comin' home--- wi' you

Chorus: But I would walk five hun-dred miles and I would walk five hun-dred more

Just to be the man who walks a thou-sand miles to fall down at your door

Da-da da-da (da-da da-da) Da-da da-da (da-da da-da)

Da da dun diddle dun diddle dun diddle da-da da-----

Da-da da-da (da-da da-da) Da-da da-da (da-da da-da)

Da da dun diddle dun diddle dun diddle da-da da-----

Chorus: But I would walk five hun-dred miles and I would walk five hun-dred more

Just to be the man who walks a thou-sand miles to fall down at your do--o--or

Runaway Del Shannon

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5OwkQPSs1xc&feature=related> (play along in this key with this live version. Capo at first fret required to play along with original recording)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

[Am] As I walk along I [G] wonder what went wrong

With [F] our love a love that felt so [E7] strong

[Am] And as I still walk on I [G] think of

The things we've done to [F]gether

While our hearts were [E7] young

[A] I'm a walkin' in the rain

[F#m] Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain

[A] Wishin' you were here by me [F#m] to end this misery

And I [A] wonder I wa wa wa wa [F#m] wonder

[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

And I [D] wonder where she will [E7] stay

My little [A] runaway [D] run run run run [A] runaway [E7]

Instrumental: [Am] [G] [F] [E7] [Am] [G] [F] [E7]

[A] I'm a walkin' in the rain

[F#m] Tears are fallin' and I feel the pain

[A] Wishin' you were here by me [F#m] to end this misery

And I [A] wonder I wa wa wa wa [F#m] wonder

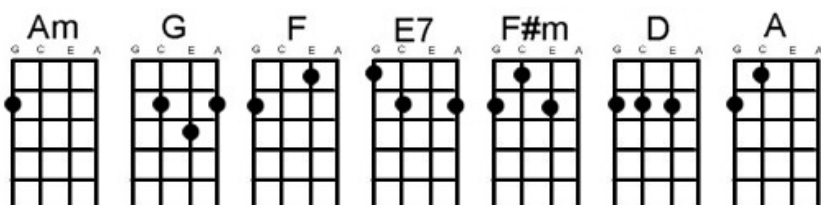
[A] Why why why why [F#m] why she ran away

And I [D] wonder where she will [E7] stay

My little [A] runaway [D] run run run run [A] runaway

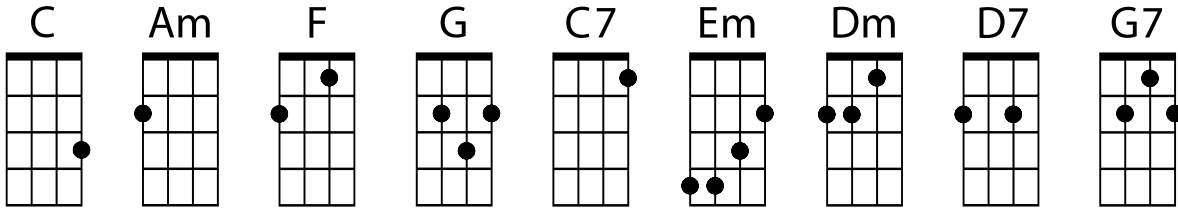
[D] Run run run run [A] runaway

[D] Run run run run [A] runaway



All I Have To Do Is Dream (Key of C)

by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant (1958)



(sing E)

C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream. Dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dream
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 When I want you, ----- in my ar-arms, when I want you, ----- and all your char-arms
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dre-eam.

| C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 When I feel blu-ue, in the ni-ight, and I need yo-ou, to hold me ti-ight
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-eam-----

Chorus: F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a--ay.

G7\ | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . F . | C . C7 . |
 When-ever I want you all I have to do is dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-eam

Chorus: F . . . | Em . . . | Dm . G . | C . C7 . |
 I can make you mine, taste your lips of wine, any-time, night or day -----
 F . . . | Em . . . | D7 . . . | G\ F\ Em\
 Only trouble is, ----- gee whiz, I'm dream-ing my li-ife a-wa--a--ay.

G7\ | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G .
 I need you so, ----- that I could di-ie, I love you so, ----- and that is why-y
 | C . Am . | F . G . | C . Am . | F . G . |
 When-ever I want you, all I have to do, is dre-e-e-e-eam, dream, dream, dre-eam.
 C . F . | C . . .
 Dre-e-e-e-e---e-e-eeeeeam
 (---slow-----)

Louisiana Saturday Night

artist:Mel McDaniel , writer:Bob McDill

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yIjf4Lpj7CI>

Thanks to Frank de Lathouder

a capella – rhythm but no chords

Well you get down the fiddle and you get down the bow,
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the mornin' light,
Louisiana Saturday night.

[D] Waitin' in the front yard, [A] sittin' on a log,
A [G] single-shot rifle and a [D] one-eyed dog.
Got me a couple of kinfolk [A] in the moonlight,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

[D] My brother Bill and [A] other brother Jack,
[G] Belly full of beer and a [D] possum in his sack.
Fifteen kids in the [A] front porch light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

When the [D] kinfolk leave and the [A] kids get fed,
[G] Me and my women gonna [D] slip off to bed.
Have a little fun when we [A] turn out the light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

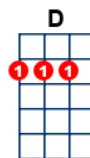
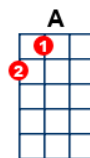
very soft chords but sing out

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

Woah, [D] get down the fiddle now, [A] get down the bow,
[G] Kick off your shoes and you [D] throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the [A] mornin' light,
[G] Louisiana [A] Saturday [D] night.

a capella - rhythm but no chords

Yeah, get down the fiddle now, get down the bow,
Kick off your shoes and you throw 'em on the floor.
Dance in the kitchen 'til the mornin' light,
Louisiana Saturday night.



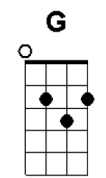
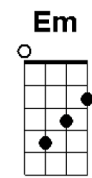
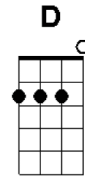
Proud Mary (John Fogerty)

G
Left a good job in the city

Workin' for the man every night and day

And I never lost one minute of sleepin'

Worryin' 'bout the way things might have been



D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

G
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis

Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans

But I never saw the good side of the city

'Til I hitched a ride on a river boat queen

D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

Instrumental

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

G
If you come down to the river

Bet you gonna find some people who live

You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money

People on the river are happy to give

D
Big wheel keep on turnin'

Em
Proud Mary keep on burnin'

G
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river **(Repeat & Fade)**

Happy Together – The Turtles

Imagine (**Dm**)me and you... I do
 I think about you (**C**)day and night... it's only right
 To think about the (**Bb**)girl you love... and hold her tight
 So happy to(**A7**)gether

If I should (**Dm**)call you up... invest a dime
 And you say you be(**C**)long to me... and ease my mind
 Imagine how the (**Bb**)world could be... so very fine
 So happy to(**A7**)gether

(**D**)I can't see me (**C**)lovin' nobody but (**D**)you
 For all my (**F**)life
 (**D**)When you're with me (**C**)baby the skies'll be (**D**)blue
 For all my (**F**)life

(**Dm**)Me and you... and you and me
 No matter how they (**C**)toss the dice... it has to be
 The only one for (**Bb**)me is you... and you for me
 So happy to(**A7**)gether

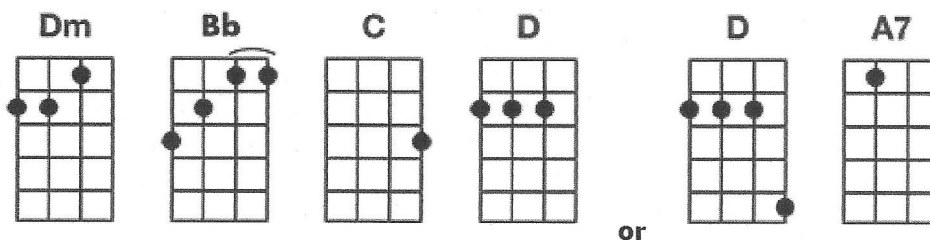
(**D**)I can't see me (**C**)lovin' nobody but (**D**)you
 For all my (**F**)life
 (**D**)When you're with me (**C**)baby the skies'll be (**D**)blue
 For all my (**F**)life

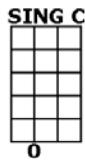
(**Dm**)Me and you... and you and me
 No matter how they (**C**)toss the dice... it has to be
 The only one for (**Bb**)me is you... and you for me
 So happy to(**A7**)gether

(**D**) Ba-ba-ba-ba (**C**) ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-(**D**) ba ba-ba-ba-(**F**) ba
 (**D**) Ba-ba-ba-ba (**C**) ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-(**D**) ba ba-ba-ba-(**F**) ba

(**Dm**)Me and you... and you and me
 No matter how they (**C**)toss the dice... it has to be
 The only one for (**Bb**)me is you... and you for me
 So happy to(**A7**)gether //

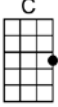
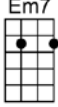
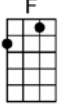
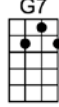
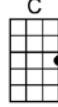
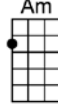


(**Dm**) // So happy to(**A7**)gether //
 (**Dm**) // How is the (**A7**) weather //
 (**Dm**) // So happy to(**A7**)gether // **D** single strum

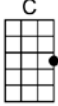
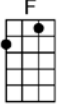
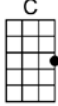
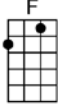


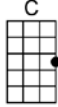


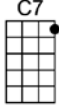
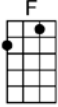
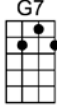
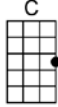
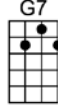


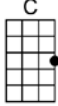
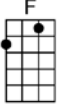
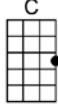
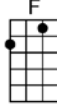
GARDEN PARTY - Ricky Nelson

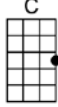
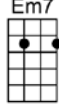
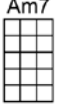
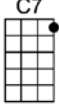

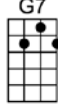
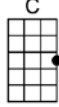
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:         (2 beats each)


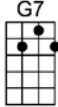
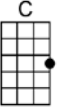
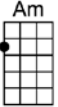
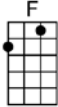
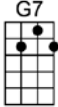
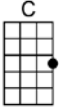
   
I went to a garden party, to remi-nisce with my old friends

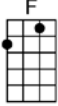
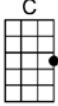
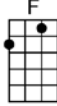
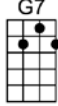

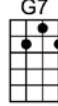
       
A chance to share old memo-ries and play our songs a-gain

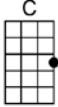
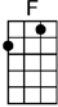
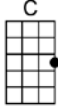

   
When I got to the garden party, they all knew my name

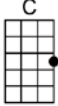

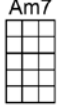
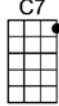
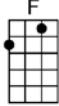

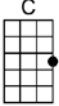
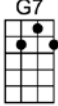
      
But no one recog - nized me, I didn't look the same

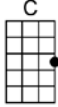
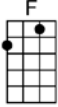
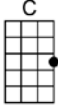
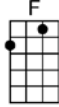
CHORUS:

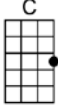

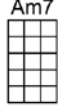
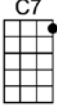
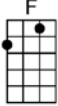
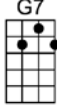
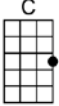
      
But it's all right now, I learned my lesson well

     
You see you can't please everyone, so you got to please your-self

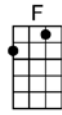
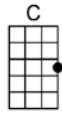
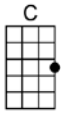
   
People came from miles around, everyone was there

       
Yoko brought her walrus, there was magic in the air

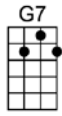
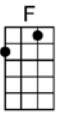
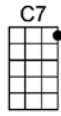
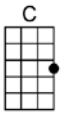
   
And over in the corner, much to my sur-prise

      
Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes, wearing his dis-guise CHORUS, la da da da.....

p.2. Garden Party

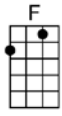
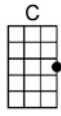
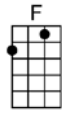
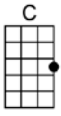


I played them all the old songs, I thought that's why they came

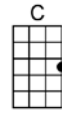
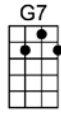
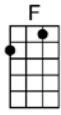
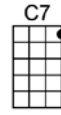
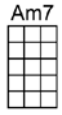
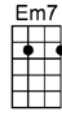
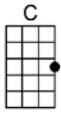


No one heard the music,

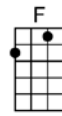
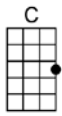
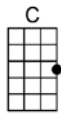
we didn't look the same



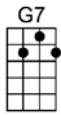
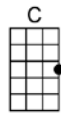
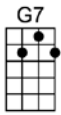
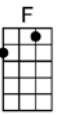
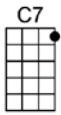
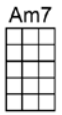
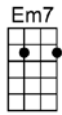
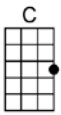
I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me



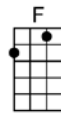
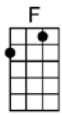
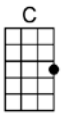
When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave CHORUS, la da da da



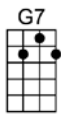
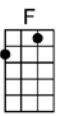
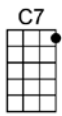
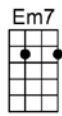
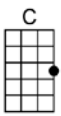
Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode



Playing gui-tar like a 'ringin' a bell, and lookin' like he should



If you gotta play at garden parties, I wish you a lot a' luck



But if memo-ries were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck CHORUS, la da da da,

GARDEN PARTY

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: C Em7/B F G7 C Am F G7 (2 beats each)

C F C F
I went to a garden party, to remi-nisce with my old friends
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

A chance to share old memo-ries and play our songs a-gain
C F C F

When I got to the garden party, they all knew my name
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

But no one recog - nized me, I didn't look the same

CHORUS:

F G7 C Am F G7 C
But it's all right now, I learned my lesson well
F C F G7 C G7
You see you can't please everyone, so you got to please your-self

C F C F
People came from miles around, everyone was there
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

Yoko brought her walrus, there was magic in the air
C F C F

And over in the corner, much to my sur-prise
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

Mr. Hughes hid in Dylan's shoes, wearing his dis-guise

CHORUS, la da da da.....

C F C F
I played them all the old songs, I thought that's why they came
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

No one heard the music, we didn't look the same
C F C F

I said hello to Mary Lou, she belongs to me
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

When I sang a song about a honky-tonk, it was time to leave

CHORUS, la da da da

C F C F
Someone opened up a closet door and out stepped Johnny B. Goode
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C G7

Playing gui-tar like a'ringin' a bell, and lookin' like he should
C F C F

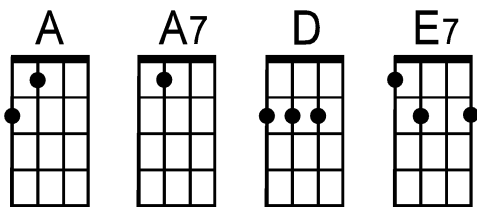
If you gotta play at garden parties, I wish you a lot a' luck
C Em7/B Am7 C7/G F G7 C

But if memo-ries were all I sang, I'd rather drive a truck

CHORUS, la da da da,

Blue Suede Shoes (Key of A)

by Carl Perkins
as sung by Elvis Presley



| A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A7 . . .
Well it's one for the money--- two for the show--- three to get ready, now go cat, go

. | D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . .
But don't you--- step on my blue suede shoes-----

. | E7 . . . | D . . . | A . . . | . . .
Well you can do an-y--- thing but lay off-a my blue suede shoes-----

--- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- ---
You can knock me down--- step on my face--- slander my name all over the place

A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A7 . . . |
Do any--- thing, that you want to do, but ah---ah honey, lay off-a my shoes-----

D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . .
Don't you----- step on my blue suede shoes-----

. | E7 . . . | D . . . | A . . . | . . .
Well you can do an-y--- thing, but lay off-a my blue suede shoes-----

Instrumental: A . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . . |

D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |

E7 . . . | D . . . | A . . . | A . . .

. | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- |
You can burn my house--- steal my car drink my liquor from an old fruit jar

A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A\ --- --- --- | A7 . . . |
Do any--- thing, that you want to do, but ah---ah honey, lay off-a my shoes-----

D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . .
Don't you----- step on my blue suede shoes-----

. | E7 . . . | D . . . | A . . . | . . .
Well you can do an-y--- thing, but lay off-a my blue suede shoes-----

Instrumental: A . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . . |

D . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . |

E7 . . . | D . . . | A . . . | A . . .

Well it's one for the money— two for the show— three to get ready, now go cat, go

But don't you— step on my blue suede shoes—

Well you can do an-y— thing but lay off-a my blue suede shoes—

Outro:

A Blue blue— blue suede shoes— blue blue— blue suede shoes—

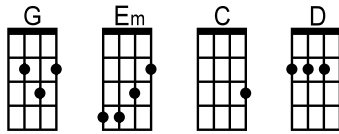
D Blue blue— blue suede shoes— A blue blue— blue suede shoes—

E7 You can do an-y— thing but lay off-a my blue suede shoes— A7

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3 - 6/13/18)

Lookin' Out My Back Door (Creedence Clearwater Revival)



[G] Just got home from Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Got to set [G] down take a [D] rest on the porch.

[G] Imagination sets in, [Em] pretty soon I'm singin

[C] Doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Giant doin cart wheels. A [Em] statue wearing high heels.

[C] Look at all [G] the happy creatures [D] dancing on the lawn.

[G] Dinosaur victrola [Em] listenin to Buck Owens,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[D] Tambourines and elephants are [C] playin in the [G] band.

Won't you take a ride [Em] on the flyin [D] spoon doot doo doo.

[G] Wonderous apparition [Em] provided by magician,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door

[G] Smile with me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow,

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

[G] Forward troubles Illinois. [Em] Lock the front door oh boy.

[C] Look at all the [G] happy creatures [D] dancin on the lawn.

[G] Bother me tomorrow, [Em] today I'll find no sorrow.

[C] doot doot [G] doot lookin [D] out my back [G] door.

Son Of A Son Of A Sailor Jimmy Buffett

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vYf2iFiOzU&feature=related> (play along in this key)

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook www.scorpex.net/Uke

Intro: [G] [G] [F] [C] [G] [Gsus4] [G] [G] [G] [F] [C] [G] [Gsus4] [G]

[G] As the son of a son of a sailor

I went [F] out on the [C] sea for ad[G]venture

Ex[C]panding the view of the [G] captain and crew

Like a [D] man just released from in[G]denture [Gsus4] [G]

[G] As a [G] dreamer of dreams and a travelling man

I have [F] chalked up [C] many a [G] mile

Read [C] dozens of books about [G] heroes and crooks

And I [D] learned much from both of their [G] styles [Gsus4] [G]

Chorus:

[F] Son of a son [C] son of a son son of a son of a [G] sailor [Gsus4] [G]

[F] Son of a gun [Am] load the last ton*

[C] One step ahead of the [G] jailer [Gsus4] [G]

[G] Now away in the near future [F] southeast [C] of dis[G]order

You can [C] shake the hand of the [G] Mango man

As he [D] greets you at the [G] border [Gsus4] [G]

[G] And the lady she hails from Trinidad [F] island [C] of the [G] spices

[C] Salt for your meat and [G] cinnamon sweet

And the [D] rum is for all your good vices [Gsus4] [G]

[F] Haul the sheet in as we [C] ride on the wind

That our forefathers harnessed be[G]fore us [Gsus4] [G]

[F] Hear the bells ring as the [Am*] tide rigging sings

It's a [C] son of a gun of a [G] chorus [Gsus4] [G]

[G] Where it all ends I can't fathom my friends

If I [F] knew I might [C] toss out my [G] anchor

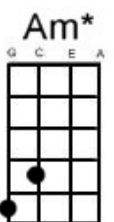
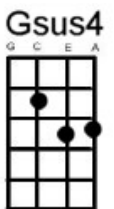
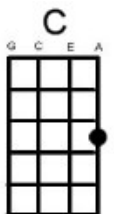
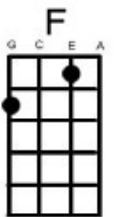
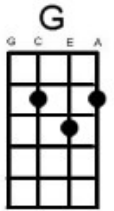
So [C] I'll cruise along always [G] searching for songs

Not a [D] lawyer a thief or a [G] banker [Gsus4] [G] but the **Chorus**

[F] Son of a son [C] son of a son son of a son of a [G] sailor [Gsus4] [G]

The [F] sea's in my veins my tra[Am*]dition remains

I'm just [C] glad I don't live in a [G] trailer [Gsus4] [G]



Monster Mash – Bobby Pickett & the Crypt-Kickers(1962)

Intro: G / Em / C / D / (repeat pattern throughout)

I was [G]working in the lab late at night, when my [Em]eyes beheld an eerie sight
For my [C]monster from the slab began to rise and [D]suddenly, to my surprise ...

(He did the [G]mash) - He did the Monster Mash (The Monster [Em]Mash) - It was a graveyard smash
(He did the [C]mash) - It caught on in a flash (He did the [D]mash) - He did the Monster Mash

G **Em**
(wa-oo) From my laboratory in castle east, (wa-oo) to the master bedroom where the vampires feast
C **D**
(wa-oo wa-oo) The ghouls all came from their humble abodes, (wa-oo) to get a jolt from my electrodes
(They did the [G]mash) They did the Monster Mash (The monster [Em]mash) It was a graveyard smash
(They did the [C]mash) - They caught on in a flash (They did the [D]mash) - They did the monster mash

C	D	Bridge
The Zombies were having fun (inasoop-wa-ooo)	The party had just begun	
C	D {pause}	{Drums!}
(inasoop-wa-ooo) The guests included WolfMan	(inasoop-wa-ooo) Dracula and his son	

G
(wa-oo)The scene was rocking, all were digging the sound
Em **C**
(wa-oo) Igor on chains backed by his Baying Hounds (wa-oo wa-oo)
D
The Coffin Bangers were about to arrive (wa-oo)with their vocal group, the Crypt Kicker Five
(They did the [G]mash) They did the Monster Mash (The monster [Em]mash) It was a graveyard smash
(They did the [C]mash) - They caught on in a flash (They did the [D]mash) - They did the monster mash

G **Em**
(wa-oo) Out from his coffin Drac's voice did ring (wa-oo) It seems he was worried 'bout just one thing
C
(wa-oo wa-oo) He opened the lid and shook his fist and said
D{pause}
(wa-oo) "Whatever happened to my Transylvania Twist?"

(It's now the [G]mash) It's now the Monster Mash (The monster [Em]mash) And it's a graveyard smash
(It's now the [C]mash) It's caught on in a flash (It's now the [D]mash) It's now the Monster Mash

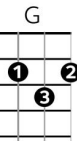
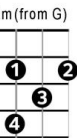
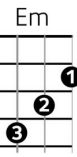
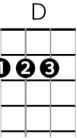
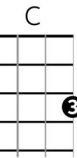
G
(wa-oo) Now everything's cool, Drac's a part of the band
Em
(wa-oo) And my Monster Mash, it's the hit of the land
C
(wa-oo wa-oo) For you, the living, this Mash was meant, too
D{pause}
(wa-oo) When you get to my door, tell them Boris sent you

(And you can [G]Mash) And you can Monster Mash
(The monster [Em]mash) And do my graveyard Smash
(And you can [C]Mash) You'll catch on in a flash
(Then you can [D]Mash) Then you can Monster Mash

Outro {repeat, fading with 'Grrrrr' and other goulish noises}

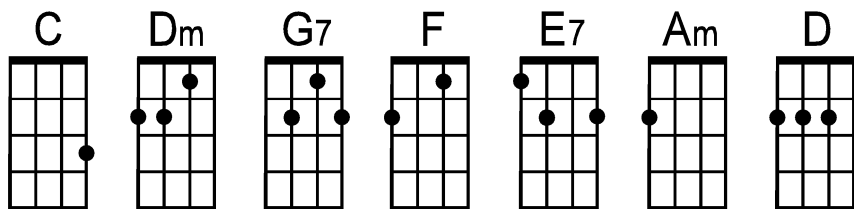
wa-[G]oo ... monster mash wa-[Em]oo. wa-[C]oo ... monster mash wa-[D]oo.

Chords



If I Only Had a Brain - in C

by Harold Arlen & E.Y. Harburg (1937)



Sing e

| C
| Dm
 I could while a-way the hours con-ferrin' with the flowers,

| C
 con-sultin' with the rain-----

| Dm
| G7
 And my head I'd be scratchin' while my thoughts were busy hatchin'

| C
 If I only had a brain-----

| C
| Dm
| C
 I'd un-ravel any riddle for any indi-vid'le in trouble or in pain-----

| Dm
| G7
 With the thoughts I'd be thinkin' I could be an-other Lincoln

| C
 If I only had a brain-----

Bridge:

| F
| C
 Oh, I----- would tell you why-----

| Dm
| G7
| C
 the o---cean's near the shore-----

| Dm
| E7
| Am
 I could think of things I never thunk be-fore-----

| D\
| G7
 And then I'd sit --- and think some more-----

| C
| Dm
 I would not be just a nuffin', my head all full of stuffin',

| C
 my heart all full of pain-----

| Dm
| G7
 I would dance and be merry, life would be a ding-a-derry

| C
 If I only had a brain-----

Instrumental:

. | C . . . | Dm . . . | C . . . | . . .
. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . .

Bridge:

. | F . . . | C . . .
Oh, I----- would tell you why-----

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . . | C . . .
the o---cean's near the shore-----

. | Dm . . . | E7 . . . | Am . . .
I could think of things I never think be-fore-----

. | D\ --- --- --- | G7 . . .
And then I'd sit and think some more-----

. | C . . . | Dm . . .
Gosh it would be awful pleasin' to reason out the reason

. | C . . . | . . .
of things I can't ex-plain---

. | Dm . . . | G7 . . .
Then per-haps I'll de-serve ya and be even worthy erv ya

. | C . . . | G7 | C\
If I only had a brain-----

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v1b - 10/8/17)

"I Wanna Be Sedated"
Road to Ruin, 1978
The Ramones

F **Bb** **F**
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go -- I wanna be sedated
Bb **F**
Nothin' to do and nowhere to go-o-oh -- I wanna be sedated
C **F**
Just get me to the airport, put me on a plane
C **F**
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go insane
C **F**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my brain
Bb **C**
Oh no no no no no

[repeat whole verse]

G **C** **G**
Twenty-twenty-twenty four hours to go -- I wanna be sedated
C **G**
Nothin' to do and nowhere to go-o-o -- I wanna be sedated
D **G**
Just put me in a wheelchair, get me to the show
D **G**
Hurry, hurry, hurry before I go loco
D **G**
I can't control my fingers, I can't control my toes
C **D**
Oh no no no no no

[and repeat this verse]

G **C** **D** **G** **x4**
Ba-ba-bamp-ba ba-ba-ba-bamp-ba -- I wanna be sedated

When I'm Sixty-Four by The Beatles (1967).

Words and Lyrics: Paul McCartney and John Lennon

Intro: C F G C

[C] When I get older, losing my hair, many years from **[G7]** now,
Will you still be sending me a Valentine?
Birthday greetings, **[C]** bottle of wine?
If I'd been out 'til quarter to three
[C7] Would you lock the **[F]** door?
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?

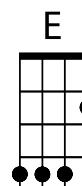
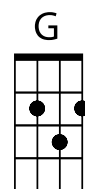
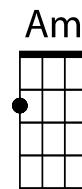
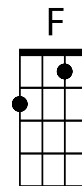
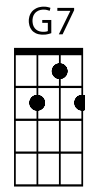
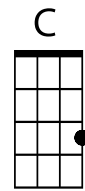
[Am] [G] [Am]

[Am] You'll be older, **[E]** too
[Am] And if you **[Dm]** say the word,
[F] I could **[G]** stay with **[C]** you **[G]**

[C] I could be handy mending a fuse, when your lights have **[G7]** gone.
You can knit a sweater by the fireside,
Sunday mornings **[C]** go for a ride.
Doing the garden, digging the weeds,
[C7] Who could ask for **[F]** more?
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?

[Am] Ev'ry summer we could rent a cottage in the Isle of **[G]** Wight,
If it's not too **[Am]** dear
[Am] We shall scrimp and **[E]** save
[Am] Grandchildren **[Dm]** on your knee
[F] Vera, **[G]** Chuck and **[C]** Dave **[G]**

[C] Send me a post-card, drop me a line,
stating point of **[G7]** view .
Indicate precisely what you mean to say,
Yours sincerely **[C]** wasting away
Give me your answer fill in a form,
[C7] Mine forever **[F]** more
Will you still **[Fm]** need me, **[C]** will you still **[A]** feed me,
[D] When I'm **[G7]** sixty- **[C]** four?



F

Rocky Top

recorded by Lynn Anderson

written by Boudleaux Bryant and Felice Bryant

G C G Em D7 G
Wish that I was on old Rocky Top down in the Tennessee hills
C G Em D7 G
Ain't no smoggy smoke on Rocky Top ain't no telephone bills
C G Em D7 G
Once I had a man on Rocky Top half bear the other half cat
C G Em D7 G
Wild as a mink but sweet as soda pop I still dream about that

Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

G C G Em D7 G
Once two strangers climbed old Rocky Top looking for a moonshine still
C G Em D7 G
Strangers ain't come down from Rocky Top I reckon they never will
C G Em D7 G
Corn won't grow at all on Rocky Top the dirt's too rocky by far
C G Em F7 G
That's why all the folks on Rocky Top get their corn from a jar

Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

G C G Em D7 G
I've had years of cramped up city life trapped like a duck in a pen
C G Em D7 G
All I know is it's a pity life can't be simple again

Em D7 F C
Rocky Top you'll always be home sweet home to me
G F G F G
Good ole Rocky Top Rocky Top Tennessee Rocky Top Tennessee

"Your Flag Decal Won't Get You into Heaven Anymore"

John Prine

John Prine, 1971

Arranged for UFC of CoMO

G **C**
While digesting Reader's Digest in the back of a dirty bookstore,

D7 **G**
A flag decal with gum on the back fell out on the floor.

C
So I picked it up and I ran outside and I slapped it on my window shield,

D7 **G**
And if I could see old Betsy Ross I'd tell her how good I feel.

C **G**
Oh but your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.

D7 **G** **G7**
They're already overcrowded from your dirty little wars.

C **G**
Now Jesus don't like killin' no matter what the reasons for,

D7 **G**
And your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.

C
I went into the bank this morning and the cashier said to me,

D7 **G**
"If you join our Christmas Club we'll give you ten of those flags for free."

C
Well I didn't mess around a bit and I took him up on what he said.

D7 **G**
And I stuck those stickers all over my car and one on my wife's forehead.

[chorus] gc11050311 ext3080

G **C**
I got my window shield so filled with flags that I couldn't see.

D7 **G**
Then I ran it right upside a curb and then right into a tree.

C
By the time they called a doctor down I was already dead.

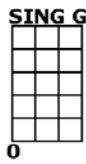
D7 **G**
And I'll never understand why the man standing at the Pearly Gates said

C **G**
Your flag decal won't get you into heaven anymore.

D7 **G** **G7**
We're already overcrowded from your dirty little wars.

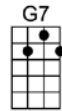
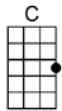
C **G**
Now Jesus don't like killin' no matter what the reasons for,

D7 **G**
And your flag decal won't get you into heaveeeeeeen anymore.

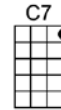
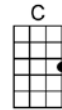


UNDER THE BOARDWALK

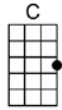
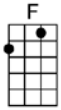
4/4 1...2...123



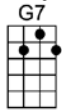
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof



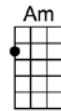
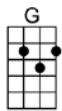
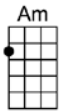
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof



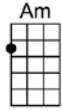
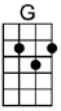
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



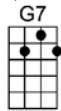
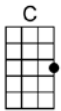
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



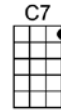
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



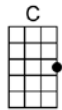
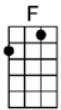
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk



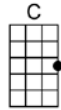
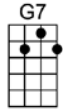
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel



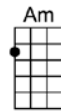
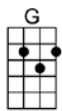
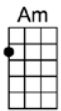
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell



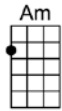
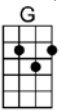
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

UNDER THE BOARDWALK

4/4 1...2...123

C **G7**
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof

C **C7**
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof

F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

C **G7**
From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel

C **C7**
You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell

F **C**
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah

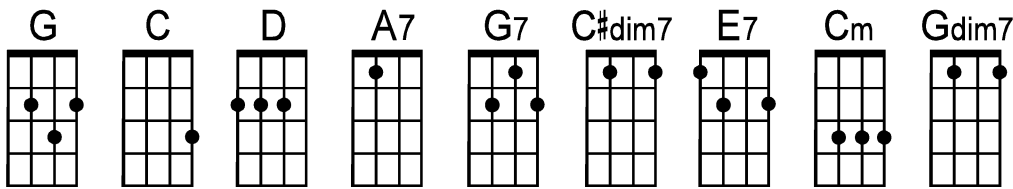
G7 **C**
On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be

Am **G** **Am**
UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above

G **Am**
UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk

I Want to Marry a Lighthouse Keeper

by Erika Eigen (~1969)



Slow Intro:

G\ --- G\ --- | C\ D\ G\ ---
 I dream of livin' in a lighthouse, every single day—
 | G\ --- G\ --- | A7 --- D\ ---
 I dream of livin' in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—
 | G\ --- G7\ --- | C\ --- C#dim\ --- |
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too
 G\ --- E7\ --- | A7\ D\ G\ E7\ | A7 D\ G\ ---
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay Won't that be o-kay?

Double-time:

| G . . . | C D G . |
 Oh, I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and keep him compa-ny—
 G . . . | A7 . D . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and live by the side of the sea—
 | G\ G\ G7\ G7\ | C . C#dim . |
 I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way
 G . E7 . | A7 D G . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be o-kay—?

 C . Cm . | G . G7 . |
 We'll have parties on a coral reef and clam-bakes on the shore—
 C . Cm . | A7 . D . |
 We'll in-vite the neighbours in and seagulls by the score—

 | G . . . | C D G . |
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day—
 | G . . . | A7 . D . |
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—
 | G\ G\ G7\ G7\ | C . C#dim . |
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too
 G . E7 . | A7 D G E7 | A7 D G . |
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay Won't that be o-kay—?

Kazoos: (first two lines of verse)

G . . . | C D G . |
 G . . . | A7 . D . |

|G\ G\ G7\ G7\ |C . C#dim . |
 I'll polish his lamps by the light of day so ships at night can find their way
 G . E7 . |A7 D G . |
 I want to marry a lighthouse keeper. Won't that be o-kay—?

C . Cm . |G . G7 . |
 We'll take walks along the moonlit bay, maybe find a treasure too——
 C . Cm . |A7\ (--hold----) D\ --- (--hold--)
 I'd love living in a lighthouse, ----- how 'bout you——?

|G |C D G .
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, baby, every single day—

|G |A7 . D .
 I dream of living in a lighthouse, the white one by the bay—

|G . G7 . |C . C#dim .
 So if you wanna make my dreams come true, you'll be a lighthouse keeper too

G . E7 . |A7 D G\ E7\ |
 We could live in a lighthouse, the white one by the ba—ay

A7 D G\ E7\ |A7 D G\ Gdim7\ |G\
 Won't that be o-k—ay? Yada tada ta-ta Ta—Aaaaa—aaaaaaaaaa!

San Jose Ukulele Club